ACOLASTVS
HIS AFTER-WITTE.

By S. N.

Semel insaniuimus omnes.

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sold at his shop, neere the little North-
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To his deare Achates, Maſter
Richard Warburton.

MAruaile you may, at the bolde approach of theſe my vnbluſhing lines, the firſt borne of my barren inuention, who begotten in my anticke age, now ſteps into the world to ſeeke ſome worthie Godfather: but certes if you weigh the inducing motiues, whoſe all-iuſt (reſpect) perſwading oratorie, tempted my triuiall muſe to this preſumption: I dare before hand, ſeale my ſelfe a pardon, and promiſe gracious acceptance, to this my poore Orphant in your boſome. I hope you ſhall finde him ready to acknowledge you before the world, not

for his owne ſake alone, but for mine alſo, who confeſſe my ſelfe ſo much indebted to your loue, as me thinkes I can neuer declare it ſufficiently, till thus the world be witnes to it.

Your due,

Samuel Nicholſon.

ACOLASTVS HIS AFTER-WIT.

Eubulus. Acolastus.

GRaſe on deare Flocks,& tend your bleſſed feeding, *Eub.*
While your ſad Maſter wofull and forlorne,
In his poore Lambes a penſiue leſſon reading,
With Sin-bred ſorrow hayles the weeping morne;
The morne,who ſampling men their ſinnes to rue,
Hath waſht earths motley face in weeping dewe.

Faire Queene *Aurora*,Beautie of the Eaſt,
What vncouth chance thy wonted cheere hath blent?
Whoſe blithſome vp-riſe makes Nights priſoners bleſt,
And greets their waking harts with ſweet content:
What ſpite hath rob'd thee of thy golden rayes,
The mild fore-runners of our Sommer dayes?

O may it be the Heauen-threatning deeds,
Of Earth-bred Gyants, *Adams* ſinfull brood,
Thus gars thee maske in mal-contented weeds,
Drowning the daies light in a miſtie moode? (grone?
What makes Heauens weep,thee lowre and earth to
T'is men haue ſinn'd,oh let them learne to mone.

O

O bottomles benignitie of God,
In ſchooling his poore ſheepe from wanton gates;
Stead of Reuenge, he doth but ſhew the rod,
He loues our ſaftie while our ſinnes he hates.
See, ſee, (O man) thine euerlaſting ſhame,
All creatures rue the rigour of thy blame.

The brazen heauens conſpire againſt our good,
Wreathing their watry browes in cloudes of raine:
The earth denies to nurſe her wicked brood,
Wiſhing all fleſh within her wombe againe.
All creatures crie vpon vs for offending,
And will not ceaſe till we profeſſe amending.

The ſeruants rating ſhould rebuke the ſonne,
A wiſe man ſchooles himſelfe by others follie,
With the dumbe creatures Iuſtice hath begunne;
Gods fire is fierce, yet with the flame we dallie:
Our turne is next, Wrath beateth on our ſhoares,
Death and deſtruction linger at our doores.

Our neighbour countries burne in ciuill fire,
And *Nero*-like we warme vs by the flame,
Securitie that falſe-ſuggeſting lier,
So maskes our eyes, we doe not feare our game,
Till we haue proued with too deare a price,
That to our chance, their Fortune caſts the dice.

Acolastus his after-wit.

We of all people once that were the pelfe,
Thruſt in a frozen corner of the North,
Almightie *Ioue* hath choſen to himſelfe,
And made vs famous ouer all the earth;
Crowning our Land with Plenty and with peace,
For nothing hinders when the Lord will bleſſe.

Froſt-bitten ſnakes, the Lord tooke pittie on vs,
Warming our Clymat with his Sunne of grace,
And more to powre his bleſſings downe vpon vs,
Makes vs triumphant in our foes diſgrace:
That all our Neighbours in amazement ſtand,
To ſee heauens rayne downe graces on our Land.

But O friend-loſing, baſe ingratitude,
Blacke lothſome ditch where all deſert is drownd;
What doth Gods deepe benignitie allude,
But that we ſhould be thankfull to the ground?
The ground, the roote, the fountaine of our bliſſe:
For God the founder of each bleſſing is.

But Serpent-like, we ſting his bleſſed name,
And ſtaine Gods honour by the filth of ſinning;
Our wicked liues are now the very ſame
They were when as our light was young beginning:
Our liues (ſaid I) oh t'is my ſinnes O God,
That merit beating with thine yron-rod.

Acolastus his after-wit.

In the May moneth of my blooming yeares,
Liuing in pleaſures, eaſe, and hearts content,
Now am I forced to lament with teares,
Contempt of dutie and my time miſpent:
O thou from whom repentant humours grow,
Raiſe in mine eyes an euerlaſting flowe.

Thou broughteſt fountaines forth a ſtony rocke,
Manna from Heauen, Quailes came with a wind:
O teach me how to ſeeke, to aske, to knocke;
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour find:
Teach me to ſpend the remnant of my dayes
In ſinnes rebuke, and thine eternall prayſe.

Although the Aprill of my dayes be ſpent,
In ſeruice of the world, fleſh and deuill;
And though my antick-age was freely-lent
To the committing of accurſed euill:
Yet let, oh let an old mans ſacrifize
Obtaine ſome fauour in thy gracious eyes.

Thou calleſt ſome at morning, ſome at noone,
Theſe beare the heate and burthen of the day;
And ſome thou call'ſt, when toyling time is done,
Yet giueſt them all an equall parted pay:
Bidding them reſt contented with their lot,
Since not deſert, but Mercie paies the ſhot.

Thou

Aculastus his after-writ.

Thou gau'ſt Repentance to the dying Theefe,
Pronouncing him true heire of Paradice:
His teares obtained pardon through beleefe,
Of frozen Conſcience for to thawe the yce: (him,
Thou badſt him laugh at death, though it did paine
Abrahams ſweet boſom ſtraight ſhould entertain him.

Vpon theſe preſidents though not preſuming,
With proſtrate heart,and eleuated hands,
The heauie burthen of my hearts griefe tuning,
Before thy throne, where Truth and Mercy ſtands,
I boldly come to beg my ſoules releaſe,
And reconcilement to thy bleſſed peace.

Forget (my God) the folly of my youth,
How I miſled,haue led my doting daies,
How ſpitefully I ſpurned at thy truth;
And skorn'd to ſet my footing in thy waies;
In this thy Mercy ſhall appeare much greater,
For pardoning him that was ſo deepe a debter.

Thou that didſt once remoue ſo many deuils
From *Magdalen* the penitent offender;
Roote out of me a legion of euils,
And I proportionable praiſe will render.
Worke in me Lord,and heare my poore requeſt;
Then will I dare the moſt,and vow the beſt.

And for (O Lord) one right-conceiued thought
Comes not in compaſſe of my poore election,
But that my words and workes, and all are naught,
Safe-conduct me this day by thy direction,
That for my youth-bred follies gone and paſt,
My Teares may make attonement now at laſt.

Acolaſt. Come pining Cares betroth'd to Diſcontent,
Heart-killing griefs, ſad ſighes come dwell with me,
Helpe with your teares my fountaines of lament,
Leaſt ere my ſorrowes ceaſe, they dried be:
If weeping dewe be wanting to my woe,
My heart will bleede, euen to ſupplie their flowe.

Affections Thrall, Afflictions Slaue I am,
O curſed life led captiue in this ſort,
Dame Fancies foole, and Fortunes chiefeſt game,
Which vnto each aſſault yeeld Reaſons fort.
O vnaduiſed, Treaſon-working eyes,
You are the cauſe my life in paſſion dyes.

So long I warm'd my ſelfe by Beauties fire,
Deeming it dead, much like a painted flame,
Till ſecretly I burnd in hot deſire,
And grew to be a Cocke of *Venus* game:
My martyrd minde was caſt in *Cupids* iayle,
And none but one my priſoned thoughts can bayle.

Acolastus his after-wit.

Vt vidi, vt perij now I duly ſing,
Moaning my skant foreſight with wealaday:
For at mine eyes my heart did ſucke the ſting,
That workes my ruine and my liues decay.
No maruaile men enioy a ſeldome reſt,
Neſtling ſuch Traytor foes within their breaſt.

O paſſing priuiledge that blind men haue,
In wanting ſight, they want a thouſand ſinnes;
And neuer any yet was *Venus* Slaue,
But in his eye the venome firſt beginnes.
Blinde are not poyſon'd with the baites of Beautie,
Which Syren-like, tiſe men from God and dutie.

Poore fooliſh Blinkard, Beadſ-man vnto Chriſt,
For reſtitution of long lacked ſight,
I maruaile what they fancie ſo inticte,
To be deſirous of this lothſome light?
Alas, what profit haue we by our eyes,
Saue ſinnes attaint in viewing Vanities?

Lament O Heauens, ſight robbeth thee of Saints,
And mourne poore ſoules, ſight ſpoyleth you of grace:
Yet ſight deſerueth not theſe hard complaints,
Luſt is the theefe, Sight but his entring place.
Yet muſt I ſay Sight is not free from ſin,
Since theefe he is, that theefe receiueth in.

Acolastus his after-wit.

Why rage I thus againſt my retchles eyes?
No ſenſe but train'd me to my Tragedie,
And cowardly conſorted to deuiſe?
My liuing death, paſt hope or remedie:
Yea all my parts tooke part to doe me wrong,
And I alone muſt battaile with my tongue.

Poore helples helpe, that wronged louers haue,
Whē harts deep wound is veng'd with ſhallow words;
The Priſoner rayling, yet is made a ſlaue,
Griefe fights with ſhadowes, while it feeleth ſwords:
So pecks the Doue, whilſt Rauens pierſt her breſt,
So fares the Wren, when Children rob her neſt.

Finding my ſenſes foes, I made appeale
To the right-deeming cenſure of my hart;
Hoping that Reaſon would become my bayle,
And rid me from this inward pining ſmart:
But long ere this, the Senſes inſurrection
Brought Reaſon, Heart and all in foule ſubiection.

Where ſhould a man goe ſeeke for ſiluer ſtreames,
When ſprings are poyſned, fountaines turnd to mud?
Whát brightnes can ariſe from borowed beames,
When *Phœbus* fleets, the ſoueraigne of our good?
Or wher's the ſoules Atturney, when the hart,
Being once corrupted, takes the worſer part?

Miſguided

Misguided heart, made alyen from the forme
Of thy pure Makers glorious Creation;
Coward, why didst thou yeeld to Fancies storme,
And stoupe to Lust that foule abhomination?
Hadst thou with Reasons bit, checkt raging will,
A small foresight might haue forestald this ill.

O where was Prayer the Soules Ambassadour,
To muster heauenly troupes of powrefull ayde,
When Sinne and Hell first labour'd to defloure
Thy bodies Temple, Gods vnspotted Maide?
Christ bids thee knock for help & thou shalt haue it,
Then let him helples dye that will not craue it.

Thou shouldst haue sommond Hope and Charitie,
Mount-mouing Faith, hot Zeale, and perfect Loue,
Free-giuen Grace, true Courage, Constancie,
With such like gifts descending from aboue:
The smallest handfull of this holy band,
Had kept the diuell from seazing on thy land.

Looke as the Chaffe dispersst before the wind,
Or as the dewe exhaled by the Sunne,
Or as a dreame which waking none can find,
Or as a thought ended ere well begunne:
So fancies dye, so soone we stifle euill,
If we resist the motiues of the deuill.

O hartles hart, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight,
Why didſt thou tremble ere the Trumpet ſounded,
Yeelding thy ſelfe to ſinne before the fight,
And daſtardly depart the field vnwounded?
When Guides miſguide themſelues, the ſimple ſort
By their ill-ſample render vp the Fort.

Fye fooliſh man, why ſtormſt thou at the hart?
When Eyes and Senſe are muffled vp in blindnes,
He ſteppes on Stage, and this is all his part,
To welcome Beautie with a world of kindnes:
As is the ſympathie twixt flaxe and fire,
Such is the heart compar'd to hot deſire.

Poore Heart, I wrong thee with my wrong exclames,
Seeking to croſſe my foe, I kill my friend,
Extremitie ſtill vrgeth ſuch extreames,
And ſorrow ſmites at him that next doth ſtand:
Much like a Curre, who ſmitten with a ſtone,
Bites the poore peble, lets the Man alone.

Much like a Curre (ſaid I) nay not ſo wiſe;
For why I know my griefes vnhappie ground,
I ſee the roote from whence my paſſions riſe,
And view the lure, that did my life confound:
O blab-tongue *Tantalus*, why doſt not eate?
Fondling, t'is I muſt pine in ſight of meate.

Then let me learne at laſt to leuell right,
See where Contempt ſits laughing at my fall;
Ye hel-borne Furies helpe to frame a flight
To kill Diſdaine, that holds my life in thrall:
That words with woes may ſome fit meaſure keepe,
Helpe me to rage, to curſe, and then to weepe.

O faire and kind (O filthie monſtrous lye)
I cry you mercie Madame for miſtaking,
The blind man colours hardly can diſcrye,
And my poore reaſons light is now but waking: (ieſt;
What heart once thought, now tongue bewraies in
Thou foule Apoſtata, notorious beaſt.

Can I report her foule impietie,
When as my tongue did tremble once to name her?
Faine would I ſpeake, but when I ſpeake, I die;
My ioynts apall'd with feare, refuſe to ſhame her.
Courage my Heart, for loue ſhe left thee griefe,
Make change a robbry; and ſo call her thiefe.

O ſhallow-braind inuention, courſe diſcourſe,
In this high taske I doe her merits wrong,
The ſpring is drie it ſeemeth by the ſourſe,
Whē naught but Newgate tearmes can ſtore ẏ tongue.
I'le fetch from hel, ſterne words to ſhake the Center,
And with mine action make them fiercely rent her.

O proud, preſuming, foule, abhominable,
Sinnes ſhop, friends ſhame, hels bait, and natures mole,
Worſe then the offall of *Augias* ſtable,
Ill thriue the beaſt that brought vs ſuch a foale,
And let fell croſſes all her ioyes depriue,
Through whom my faithfull heart thus dyes aliue.

O wooluiſh heart wrapt in a womans hyde,
That ſpurnſt at profferd dutie, lendeſt loue
To Lads that ſeeke a Lemmon, not a Bryde,
Whom neither time hath try'd, nor ſeruice prou'd.
In men (t'is ſaid) their wils muſt ſtand for pay,
But Luſt-breathd fury guides a womans way.

If loue be hated, hate be bleſt with loue,
If Merit merit ſtanding next the doore,
If haile-ſhot winne when Cannons cannot moue,
If Trueth and Promiſe ſoiourne from our ſhoare,
If weaker veſſels weare the creſt on high,
While mens beſt hope, is hopeles for to die:

Why are not Natures workes in generall,
Prone to like croſſes and to like confuſion,
The greater ſeeking ſtill to hurt the ſmall,
The mightie wrong the weake by fell intruſion?
Why ſhines not *Phœbus* in the fulſome night,
While *Luna* lends the day her duskie light?

Why

Acolastus his after-wit.

Why fall not Starres as thicke as winters haile?
Why is not Sommer colde, and Winter warme?
Or why doth not the earths foundation faile?
Sinking in seas, that long haue sought his harme?
Why doe not all things that on earth remaine,
To their rude-formed chaos turne againe?

O excrement of all exceeding ill!
How couldst thou wrong my true affection so?
I gaue in pawne my heart, my hand, my will;
Yet didst thou from thy plighted promise goe;
Vowing, if all were dead saue I alone,
Thou wouldst forsake me, and be wife to none.

Were I deformed (though I am not faire)
Ill-nurturd, Naturd, churlish and vnkind;
Did any member Monster-like appeare,
Or did I faile in faculties of mind;
Then hadst thou some pretence of reason, why
Thus all askaunce thou holdst me in thine eye.

But these are false, then whence deriues this hate,
Vngratfull guerdon of my zelous loue?
Perchance thou seest my shallow-ebd estate,
The thought whereof thy liking doth remoue:
T'is so: I know it by too true a token;
For why, thy selfe the same hast often spoken.

O Vertues blemiſh and thy ſexes blot,
Baſe dunghill bird, nere ſprong of Gentle blood;
Vile is thy mind, but viler be thy lot,
That mak'ſt earths droſſe the ſoueraigne of thy good;
To cauſe men curſe thee, and to pittie me,
Thus doe I rate thy god if golde be he.

Heauen-skorned mould, baſe skin of barren earth,
Springing in Caues, where death and darknes dwell,
A monſtrous mettall proued by thy birth,
Since men diue for thee halfe way downe to hell.
O curſed engine of light hating euill,
Fauourd of men, but found out by the deuill.

O ſacred thirſt of golde what canſt thou not,
Sinnes chiefeſt agent, enemy to good:
Thou, thou art ſought to pay fond Pleaſures ſhot,
Yet often found with loſſe of deareſt blood.
Some termes thee gylt, that euery ſoule might reede
Euen in thy name, thy guilt is great indeede.

Guiltie thou art of Murther, Rape, and Theft,
Guiltie of Briberie and ſubornation,
Guiltie of Treaſon, Periurie, and ſhift,
An acceſſarie by thy ſlie temptation,
To all ſinnes paſt, and all that are to come,
From *Adams* downefall to the day of doome.

Miſhapen

Miſhapen mettall, ſmooth-fac'd Hypocrite,
Whoſe golden ſplendoure masketh mortall eyes,
Moth of the minde, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight,
A diuell lurking in a ſtrange diſguiſe:
What is thy luſtre when it ſhines moſt bright,
But Sathan clothed in an Angels light?

The want of thee is cauſe I want my bliſſe;
For whither flye the Gnats but to the Sunne?
The Swallow ſtill repaires where Sommer is,
And womens hearts with heapes of gifts are wonne.
So dunghill wormes muſt catch the fineſt fiſh,
Elſe man ſhall neuer traine him to his diſh.

Through thee one kingdome ſwelleth gainſt another,
The Father butcherd often by his Sonne;
The Daughter giues a paſport to the Mother,
Fearing that elſe her daies would nere be done.
Through thee each murthring Roſcius is appointed,
To act ſtrang ſcenes of death on Gods annointed.

For thee the Merchant leaues his countries ſhore,
Wife, Children, Parents, and what elſe is deare,
His heart preſaging nere to ſee them more,
Such are the circumſtances of his feare;
The waues, the winds, the rocks, the cruell foe,
Conſort in one to worke his ouerthrow.

But all the dangers of his wils obtaining,
Fright not this fondling from the ſweets of gaine,
Nor weake-built hopes perſwade him to abſtaining,
When gold's propoſd the guerdon of his paine.
Thus Syren-like thou trainſt him to the deepe;
Where waues oft lull him in his lateſt ſleepe.

T'is thou falſe hell-hound, right corrupting coyne,
That makſt poore Souldiers, needy, bare, diſgraced,
While greedy guides their ſtipends doe purloyne,
And martiall diſcipline ſtands quite defaced.
O manners, times, O world-declyning daies!
Where might is right, and men do what they pleaſe.

When ſpend-thrift *Iohn*, that goodly gentleman,
Hath ſwallow'd Lordſhips downe his dainty throte,
And brought his Fathers fortunes in the wane,
By gadding Cities in a ſilken Coate; (him,
Then to ſome friend doth Luſty-blood complaine
His Bank-rupt birth-right cã no more maintain him.

A man he is, and *Hector* was no more,
Then why not Captaine too as *Hector* was:
Beſides, it is not as in times before,
When mens deſerts were viewd in Vertues glaſſe.
A man may compaſſe wonders with a gift,
Then why not this? Diſtreſſe will haue a ſhift.

Thus,

Thus, plotts he meanes, to get a prettie traine,
Pretending honour, and his Countries cauſe;
And then he muſters vp each ſimple Swaine,
Himſelfe not knowing Armes, nor Martiall lawes.
He ſtalkes the ſtreets, as who ſay, This is hee,
(I meane that firſt will teach his men to flee.)

Vnto this Captaine flocke both young and old,
He buies his ſeruant out, and he his ſonne,
O monſtrous times when men are bought and ſold,
Who goe vnranſom'd thinkes himſelfe vndone.
For what great hope or comfort can he finde,
That maketh one where blinde do leade the blinde.

The raskall remnant of theſe fillie men,
Are ſummond ſpeedily by ſound of dromme,
And Skapt-thrift wiſhes euery one were ten,
Of greater nnmber, greater gaines will come:
Well on they march, and ſtill he ſteales a bite,
To feede his auaritious appetite.

This tuch and goe ſets all his teeth on edge,
He'le be no *Tantalus* amid ſuch treaſure:
A thouſand lawes the Lyon can alleadge,
To pray vpon poore Aſſes at his pleaſure:
Yet pollicie perſwades him to forbeare them,
Till far frō home, the Wolfe may boldly teare them.

No

No ſooner are their trauailes at an end,
But freſh afflictions full as faſt beginning,
Yet ſillie Lambes they deeme the Foxe a friend,
They ſhrinke no dog vntill they ſee him grinning:
They little thinke the end of his conduction,
Is wealth & honour bought with their deſtruction.

This *Iudas* ſet in Councell with himſelfe,
Not how to foyle his foe and win the field,
No, no, he gapes for gaine and ruſting pelfe,
No palme he ſeekes, but that doth profit yeeld:
Saies, When the yron's hot is chiefeſt ſtriking,
Tyme ſerues my turne and bids me doe my liking.

What long before was plotted in his head,
The Monſter proſecutes to this effect,
He purſeth all the pay of thoſe are dead,
The diuell needes no councell to direct:
He that could bring himſelfe to beggars plight,
Knowes how to rob another of his right.

This done he monthly minceth ſmall their paye,
Sings *Nunc dimittimus* to halfe his Band,
The reſt muſt liue on pillage and on praye,
Such as they ſeaze from Boores vpon the land.
Who beſt beſtirres him for his Princes paie,
Takes halfe in hand, the reſt at latter daie.

O ſpightfull ſpectacle, who could behold thee?
That frightſt my ſenſes in th'imagination:
While to my ſelfe my ſelfe doe thus vnfold thee,
How am I rauiſhed with indignation;
Thoſe that to mount by others fall haue ſought,
O might their heads moũt higher thẽ their thought.

As he that trauailes in an vncouth wood,
Fraught with thoſe Fortunes which his father left,
Is ſodainly ſurpriz'd by *Robin Hood*,
And in a theeues name there receiues his ſhrift:
So ſtand theſe ſillie ſoldiers at a bay,
Robd of their hire and baſely ſent away.

Poore playning Prodigalls, now muſt they wend,
Backe to their countrey with remorſe and ſhame,
But wher's the feaſting Father, or a friend,
To welcome home his ſonne, forgiue his blame?
Alas our yron age will not afford it;
What? help the poore? the Deuill ſtill abhorr'd it.

Yet ſome there be that of a holy motion,
To harbor ſtrangers, lodge them in the Cage:
And ſome becauſe that faſting helpes deuotion,
Denie them foode their hunger to aſſwage:
Some whip them for their ſins & former ſwaruing,
More of their curteſie then the Poores deſeruing.

Who right conceits the miſeries of *Iob*,
His children,ſeruants,goods,and cattell loſt,
His bodie botched,baſeſt ragges his robe,
His mind with millions of temptations toſt:
Can fitteſt deeme their griefes true qualitie,
And ſympathize poore Souldiers miſerie.

Hell-damning droſſe,thou art the fountaine cauſe
Of this iniuſtice,rauen,and confuſion,
No man would ſpurne at dutie,God,or lawes,
Had not his heart to thee a falſe alluſion.
O wracke of ſoules,the diuels adamant,
Deuouring numbers both by wealth and want.

The Infant-childe delights to play with golde,
The young man ſeekes it to maintaine his pleaſure,
It is the life and Gods-good of the olde,
All ages deeme it as their deareſt treaſure.
Who giues a Roſe to gaine a worthles weede?
We ſell for good in ſhewe our good indeede.

Witneſſe my Miſtris,now no Miſtris mine,
Who though no Queen hath made King *Midas* choiſe,
For none muſt plucke the Redroſe of her prime,
But he that gaines her with a golden voyce.
So young and couetous,a ten daies wonder,
The diuell ioynes and I'le not put a ſunder.

Say

Acolastus his after-wit.

Say ſhameles Betreſſe, haue I made thee bluſh,
Rating the ſaint, whom thou doſt rate ſo deare:
Or is thine impudencie growne ſo fluſh,
Thou waighſt no credit, or thou wilt not heare:
O if thou bear'ſt a part of woman kinde,
Let ſome relenting pittie pierce thy minde.

The ſenſeles marble moued with my plaining,
Wets his pale cheekes and ſeemes to weepe with me;
The ſhowres which daily from mine eyes are raining,
Draw the dum creatures to a ſympathie:
Poore *Philomele* that ſings of rauiſhment,
Forgets her tune to liſten my complaint.

If in the woods I breath abroad my woes,
Each bow doth bend to ſteale away my tale;
And ſtill as I her iniuries diſcloſe,
Great trees for ſorrow ſeeme their tops to vaile.
Let me but ſigh and ſay, She is vnkind,
Echo replies aloude, She is vnkind.

The ſtrugling flood that ſtill for paſſage grones,
Pauſing his courſe, and wrapt in admiration
Of my laments, hart-breaking ſighes and mones,
Sobs out the deskant of my deſolation:
And runnes no more, till riuers growing ranke,
Cauſe him depart or ouerflowe the banke.

The vallies, rockes, and hollow caues reſound,
Bearing the burthen to my wofull dittie;
My plaints haue power to pierce the ſtonie ground,
And moue the ſauage Brutes to manly pittie.
If Rockes, and Earth, and Beaſts bewaile my ſtate,
O looke on me, and be compaſſionate.

The heauens as grieu'd locke vp the lightſome day,
And *Phœbus* fleeting fayles the world of light;
Starres change their courſe and wander all aſtray,
The Mayden Moone forgets to ſhine by night,
Sham'd, that a Maid ſo ſhameles ſhould be found,
Fiercer then Beaſts, harder then ſtony ground.

The heauen-died ſtowers, ſweet ofspring of the prime,
That gilde the medowes with their ſommers pride,
Fading as in the froſtie winters time,
Pitying my paſſions hould their heads aſide:
The Siluan-Satyres in their green-wood-ſongs,
Tell how diſdaine ſits laughing at my wrongs.

O learne of theſe (flint hearted) how to grieue,
Dumme ſhowes they are, yet ſhew to thee thy dutie,
They weepe to ſee thee laughing in thy ſleeue,
Thou laughſt to ſee me ſnared in thy Beawtie:
Thinke thy affections dull, thy treſpaſſe deepe,
When trees, & ſtones muſt teach thee how to weepe.

If

If ſo my ſorrowes cannot pierce thy hart,
Yet force a teare,and faine to make a plaſter,
Breath ſighes,as if thou deeply feltſt my ſmart,
And kiſſe me to as *Iudas* kiſt his Maſter:
And when I rage,ſeeme thou withall to tremble;
It's hard when I muſt teach thee to diſſemble.

So ſhall my ſelfe enioy thee in conceite,
And what is Loue,but a conceited pleaſure;
Small fiſhes are content to ſee the baite,
While greater ſucke the ſweet and gaine the treaſure.
Loue in conceit's a cony-catching play,
While I feed thoughts,he ſteales the wench away.

O woe beſet,vnhappieſt man aliue,
Seeking to wreake my ſelfe,my ſelfe am wounded;
Poore ſnared Byrd,for libertie I ſtriue,
Yet in the trappe,ſtill more and more confounded,
As one that wipes his wound,yet ſtill doth bleede,
So more I ſpeake the worſe alas I ſpeede.

He that with oyle the wilde-fire ſeekes to quench,
Or bound a riuer in with banks of ſand;
He that hath lou'd a ſtony-harted Wench,
And now with brawling thinks to quench the brand;
Learne this of me,late proued to my paine,
It's hard to bayle impriſoned thoughts againe.

When I ſate downe to eaſe my griefs with plaining,
I thought my chiefeſt remedie to rate her,
Hard words ſeemd ſwords to murther loue remaining,
And deep loue skornd, wold make me deadly hate her:
But while I ſeeke to quench loues hot deſire,
My wind of words hath blowne a greater fire.

My time-bred troubles are but now beginning,
I loue, I loth; I hate, I wiſh withall,
My threed is cut, and yet the Siſters ſpinning,
I liue, I dye, I ſtand, and now I fall:
I laughing weepe, I hope and yet deſpaire,
I ſay ſhe's foule, and ſtraight I call her faire.

Hence idle words, ſeruants to ſhallow braines,
Vnfruitfull ſounds, wind-waſting arbitrators,
Your endles prattle, leſſens not my paines,
His ſuite is cold, that makes you mediators.
Since fates haue made me bankrupt of my bliſſe,
My dying life a very torment is.

In vaine I cauill at her crueltie,
At gold, at eyes, at ſenſes, and the hart,
In vaine I ſpurne againſt my deſtinie,
In vaine I ſeeke to eaſe an endles ſmart;
No antidote at all can doe me good,
But the effuſion of my harmeles blood.

Poore hart why trembleſt thou at this decree?
Thy ſelfe art eaſd by ending of this life,
For ſorrow kild, thou gaineſt libertie,
But if I liue, thou liueſt ſtill in ſtrife:
Tell life, I'le not a minuts reſpite giue,
Since that is loſt for which I ſought to liue.

O wretched life, what is thy benefite?
Whoſe chiefeſt ſportings are calamitie,
Whoſe daies are ſpent in troubles, care, and ſpite,
Whoſe pleaſures, ſinne, whoſe all is vanitie:
Whoſe laſt is ſhort, whoſe ſtrength is but a breath,
Whoſe date vnknown, whoſe end is ſuddaine death.

O wiſhed death, come kill all murdring greeues,
My ſoule ſuruiues in neuer dying feares,
Which round ingirt me like as many theeues,
And load my hart with pangues, mine eyes with teares.
If on the earth there may be found a Hell,
Within my ſoule, her ſeuerall torments dwell.

Yet dye I will not till my Teſtament,
The briefe contents of diſcontented mind,
Writ with my blood into the world be ſent,
Bearing true witneſſe to my faire-vnkind,
That as her loue might once haue made me bleſt,
Her skorne hath ſheath'd this dagger in my breaſt.

My

My ſpotted ſoule to him I doe commend,
In whoſe compare the heauens are moſt impure,
On whoſe free promiſes my hopes depend,
To ſhare the ioyes that euer ſhall indure:
My bodie I bequeath vnto the earth,
The common Mother that firſt brought it forth.

My bleſſing I bequeath vnto the blade,
That makes the breach for griſlie death to enter,
She ſhall not ride my patience like a iade,
If death-wrought reſolution may preuent her.
O welcome engine of my cares releaſing,
That kill'ſt Deſpaire to make my hopes increaſing.

My ſorrowes, cares, hart-breaking ſighes, and croſſes,
Woes, lamentations, pining and deſpaires,
My teares, complaints, foule iniuries and loſſes,
Griefs, ſhame, misfortune, and my daily feares,
I giue to her that now giues me this fall,
The ſole efficient of my Funerall.

Let her haue time to rent her Amber haire,
Let her haue time to thinke on me and raue,
Let her haue time of fauour to deſpaire,
And skorn'd of all to liue Affections ſlaue;
Let her haue time to beg and none relieue her,
And euery day bring croſſes, more to grieue her.

Let

Let her haue time to proue her friends her foes,
And ſee her olde acquaintance all forſake her,
Let her haue time her honeſt name to loſe,
Abhorr'd of men, and curſed of her Maker.
And euery minute let her finde a time
To rue my death her vnrecalling crime.

My Halcyon daies of bliſſe and happines,
The milde forerunners of this fearefull ſtorme,
I giue to thoſe whom better ſtarres doe bleſſe,
Which neuer felt the ſting of womans skorne;
What euer elſe is mine, diſburſed be
To thoſe that liue and thinke no harme of me.

Come gentle knife, why lingreſt thou ſo long?
Come eaſe my ſorrowes with thy fatall ſtroke;
My heart is reſolute, my hand is ſtrong,
My lingring life more torment doth prouoke.
O King of graues, why killſt thou them abhor thee,
And turnſt from me that now am readie for thee?

Auaunt thou viper, I thy ſpite defie,
Where life is lou'd thou readie art to kill,
But neuer once thy weapons wilt applie,
To the redreſſing of a wretches ill.
Come truſtie hand for thou muſt doe the deede,
Since other friends are fled in time of neede.

The Starre that firſt made entrance in mine eye,
And thence departing ſtrooke my ſenſes blinde,
Then led my heart in baſe captiuitie,
Yet to her priſoner proueth moſt vnkinde:
Witnes faire heauens ſhe, ſhe, t'is onely ſhe,
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Eub. Stay, ſtay thy hand (O Natures prodigie)
If blood and death muſt expiate thy rage,
Pittie thy ſelfe (foule beaſt) and murther me,
My life for thine, my ſelfe will be thy gage.
Ten thouſand deaths my ſoule indures to ſee
Gods image wrong'd in thy mortalitie.

In maſſak'ring thy ſelfe, whom doſt thou kill,
But with thy bodie that immortall ſoule,
For whoſe redemption Chriſt vouchſaft to ſpill
Thoſe purple drops to quench the liuing coale
Of his deere Fathers deepe-deſerued hate,
And to the heauens promote thy poore eſtate.

Think'ſt thou by dying to preuent the paine,
That ſeemes to pinch thee in this brittle life?
Alas this death begets thee life againe,
When with thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe ſhall be at ſtrife,
When thou wilt thinke all paines conſort in one,
And that thy ſelfe ſuſtain'ſt them all alone.

O *Acolastus*, what foule fiend of Hell,
Would glut his fury with thy harmeles blood?
Watching thy death here in ſome ſhady cell,
To pray vpon thy ſoule, thy ſoueraigne good:
Looke, ſtudie, ſigh for grace, and flye from euill,
Grace and reſiſtance driues away the deuill.

Art thou a God, a Man, or elſe a Ghoſt?
Com'ſt thou from heauen where bliſſe & ſolace dwell? *Acolaſt.*
Or from the ayrie could-ingendring coaſt?
Or from the darkeſome dungeon-hole of hell?
Or from the ſecret chambers of the deepe?
Or from the graues where breathles bodies ſleepe?

Art thou a Hermite in this wildernes?
Or elſe ſome Satyre maskt in ages weeds?
Or (by the heauens I charge thee to confeſſe)
Art thou her ſhape for whom my poore hart bleeds?
I, I, t'is ſo, thou art that cruell ſhe,
That wrought my death, now fain'ſt to pittie me.

What bloody ſcene hath crueltie to act?
Death is the worſt thy malice can inflict,
And thou hadſt ſeene my ſoules poore cittie ſackt,
But thy deepe policie did contradict,
Knowing by death my troubles ſhould haue end,
Which to prolong thou mainly doſt intend.

O be content with robbing me of life,
Why doſt thou triumph ouer fortunes wracke?
The death of men determinates their ſtrife,
And warres are finiſht with the Cities ſacke.
The Elephant and Dragon, mortall foes,
Bury their hate in mutuall ouerthrowes.

By life my ſoule was pind in little eaſe,
By death I ſeeke my thraldome to releaſe,
Then let my life thy brutiſh hart appeaſe,
And giue me leaue at leaſt to dye in peace.
O let it not be ſaid in time to come,
A womans hate ſuruiues till day of doome.

Eub. Fondling I am no God, nor tempting friend,
Nor yet the woman that could wiſh thee dead;
Know me for *Eubulus* thy auncient friend,
Witneſſe this ſnow-white fleece vpon my head:
Marke my complection, habite, tongue and yeares,
How euery thing in *quondam* ſort appeares.

I am no flint-hart female, bloody minded;
Mocking thy ſenſes with a borrowed ſhape,
But one that ſees thy ſenſe through paſſion blinded,
And ſighes, and ſeekes away for thine eſcape:
Then charme this mad infection, that doth raigne
In beldam fury of thy witles braine.

Be not as ſottiſh as the ſimple ſort,
That wracke their wits vpon misfortunes ſhelfe,
Nor yeelde thy reaſons, beauty-battred fort,
Crying God helpe, yet neuer helpe thy ſelfe:
Thy crazed Shipp's not ſo farre runne on ſhore,
But thou maiſt ſcape and flouriſh as before.

Et tu Brute, wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too? *Acolaſt.*
Thou art my friend and wilt not ſee me wrong'd,
I pray thee leaue me without more adoo,
For with my life my ſorrowes are prolong'd:
I know thou pleaſurſt not in my diſtreſſe,
Then rob me not of deaths true happineſſe.

Yet ſince in ſun-ſhine of my better daies,
Thou waſt a Father to my head-ſtrong youth;
Training my raſh-braind thoughts in reaſons waies,
Whoſe words I euer found the glaſſe of Truth;
My cares ſhall take a truce with death ſo long,
Till I haue made thee priuie to my wrong.

Loe here at hand, a circle-braunching tree,
Whoſe leauie boſome makes a ſummer ſeate,
Nature hath raiſd this arbour purpoſely
To ſhroude our bodies from the parching heate:
Here while we ſit within this gloomy ſhade,
I'le tell my Loue, and how it did inuade.

Fub. Then yeeld me vp this irefull inſtrument,
The deſtin'd engine of thy tragedie:
T'is wiſdomes rule, occaſions to preuent,
And giue no ground to Sathans trecherie.
Well now begin, and giue thy ſorrowes vent,
I'le ſit and mourne with thee till day be ſpent.

Acolaſt. To ſhew the poyſon of my endles pining,
The taske is long and tedious to expreſſe,
Bright *Phœbus* to the Weſterne deepe declining,
And repetition neuer made thing leſſe:
Who rippes the rancour of old-wounded fleſh,
In ſteede of healing, makes it bleede a freſh.

Yet ſince the heauens are ſo propitious,
To make my friend eye-witneſſe to my fall;
Lyſten kinde Father what I ſhall diſcloſe,
How Loue became Diſdaines vnhappie thrall:
And as I ſtory my flint-mouing wrong,
Weepe thou, to beare the burthen to my ſong.

Sic

Acolastus his after-wit.

Sic incipit Stultorum tragi-comedia.

THree months agoe, when *Phœbus* in his pride
Had ſcal'd hot *Cancers* ſunny-parched cell;
And *Ceres* caſt her ſummers greene aſide;
And flowres had chang'd their colour, forme, and ſmel;
When daies were long'ſt & nights were waxen ſhort;
And yonglings met to wanton and to ſport.

About this time I ſingled out a day,
With merry conſorts to delight my ſelfe;
I thought my ſhip might ſometime roue aſtray,
And yet not run her ſelfe on euery ſhelfe.
What Syren plaid, but I durſt dance her meaſure?
Thinking to maſter *Venus* ſonne at pleaſure.

Fortune, who long had ow'd my hap a grudge,
Summond wild younglings to a ſommers drinking,
To which my merry mates and I did trudge,
Of ſuch an accident full little thinking:
Where reuels raigne, and dancing holds a day,
I'ts hard if *Acolaſtus* keepe away.

Well

Well, there was I, and there was Fortune too,
Who had prepar'd a baite to worke my bane;
There did I paſſe a pleaſant houre or two,
In dauncing for the gloues and other gaine:
There did I gaze againſt that glorious Sunne,
By which my heart was fir'd, my ſight was done.

O giue me leaue to ſigh a little while,
Before my hell of foule miſhap breake looſe;
But let not Fortune ſee me leaſt ſhe ſmile,
And ſay, his mountaine thoughts end in a mouſe,
Oh, t'is a burthen that will breake the backe,
To ſee ones foe triumphing in his wracke.

Scarce had the Sunne attain'd his noon-tide pricke,
Gracing our paſtimes with a ſommers daie,
A traine of Ladies trouping very thicke,
Directly towards vs made their ſpeedy way:
For want of worſe our Muſicke drewe them on,
Pans pype plaies ſweete, *Apollo* being gone.

Looke how aſtoniſht in a qualmy traunce,
The man that meets a lothſome-viſag'd Beare,
Struck with amazement of this ſuddaine chaunce,
Falls to the ground halfe ſlaine with very feare,
Within his heart and ſences are at ſtrife,
Paſt feare of death, and yet paſt hope of life.

So

So was I daunted at mine eyes firſt gazing,
Sweeping they came, and ſeemd to bruſh the ground,
Their tipto-tripping pace bred double mazing,
Their ratling ſilkes my ſenſes did confound:
It ſeem'd, *Dianas* Nymphes had left her Queene,
To ſport themſelues a while vpon this greene.

Or loue-ſicke *Venus* in a huntreſſe weede,
Meaning to ſeeke *Adonis* in the wood,
Mounted vpon a ſnow-white coloured Steede,
From *Pegaſus* proude race vaunting his blood,
Came marching onward with a mayden-pace,
A thouſand Nimphes attending on her grace.

My mates all rauiſhed with admiration,
Stood like the men which once *Ioues* golden ſonne,
By his ſpeares wonder-working Transformation,
Turn'd into ſemblance of a ſenceleſſe ſtone,
Or as *Actæon* ſtanding at a Bay,
Finding *Diana* naked in his way.

Fortune and Loue choſe me amongſt the reſt,
As ſweeteſt linguiſt of perſwading wit,
With modeſt motiues kindly to requeſt,
Theſe ſinfull Saints a little while to ſit,
And ſee how ſhepheards ſpend the holy-day,
In youth-bred ſports, and caſting Care away.

Twixt hope and feare I marched on to meet them,
My ruſtick bluſh forbad me to diſſemble,
Met face to face, when I was ment to greete them,
My words were done, and euery ioynt did tremble:
Till my poore heart rebuking much my blame,
Vntide my tongue, and bad me ſpeake for ſhame.

More faire and beautifull, then were thoſe three,
That found the golden fruite on *Idæs* plaine;
Gods, Angels, Saints, or whatſoe're you be,
Accept the proffer of a ſimple ſwaine;
Draw neere, and till the heate of day be ſpent
Looke on, and laugh at Shepheards meriment.

We haue no thing of worth for to preſent,
We plead for pardon ere our ſport begin,
Our boldnes ſpringeth from a true intent,
Which makes an error oftentimes no ſin:
We boaſt of naught, ſaue that it ſhall goe hard,
But our good wils ſhall purchaſe your regard.

Theſe words ſcarce paſt the limits of my lippes,
Sounding a parley to their modeſt eares;
A wanton youngling from her fellowes skippes,
Which like a Comet in my ſight appeares,
Cauſing my ſilly wits and me to ſunder,
Infuſing me with propheſies of wonder.

For by this croſſe aſpect I gather'd well,
(And yet not well, becauſe I could not ſhun it)
In her faire face my ioyes defac'd to ſpell,
My battaile loſt before her words begin it:
For from her eyes, a kinde looke did ſhe dart,
Which through mine eyes diu'd down into my hart.

A prettie while this prettie creature ſtoode,
Before the engin of her thoughts began,
Seeming to ſympathize my heauie moode,
Pittying my prone lookes, and my colour wan:
Till bluſhing forth a pure vermilion dye,
With low-tun'd voice ſhe made me this replie.

Shepheard we ſee you are diſpoſde to flatter,
That frumpe vs with a falſe-ſuppoſed fayre;
Mens words are Metaphors, it makes no matter,
You know poore women, ſir, are made to beare:
But ſince you made ſo plauſible a motion,
This day we conſecrate to your deuotion.

Miſtris (quoth I) if any take offence,
My heart makes good the treſpaſſe of my tongue;
Humanitie full eaſily can diſpence,
Where loue and zeale are authors of the wrong.
Good wine deſires no buſh to ſet it forth,
And I too meane to blaze your beauties worth.

But (Ladie) if a ſwaine may be ſo bold,
To craue admittance mong'ſt your other men,
My ſelfe will bring you where you ſhall behold
Our ruſticke reuels at your eaſe, and when
In *Thetis* lappe the Sunne ſhall drowne the day,
Ile ſet you forward in your former way.

As fares the man conuict of Hereſie,
Whoſe Iudgement doomes him death by cruell flame,
The world eye-witneſſe of his infamie,
Bearing a fagot for his further ſhame,
Full faintly wending onward to the fier,
Where ſelfe opinion ſhall receiue his hire:

So marched I before this mayden-trayne,
Loue ſwore, excuſes ſhould not ſerue my turne,
Quoth he, Thou thinkeſt me by Reaſon ſlaine,
Thou holdſt a falſe point, now recant and burne:
I cry'd retyre, and he inioynd this ſmart,
To beare fond fancies fagot in my hart.

Who ſo hath ſeene the tender Mary-gold,
Spreading her pride againſt the worlds faire eye,
But when the ſunne his glorie doth infold,
This prettie Creature ſhuts and ſeemes to die:
So did I loue to gaze vpon my Sunne,
But when ſhe turnd away, my life was done.

Thus

Thus while my ſight was ſurfetting on Beautie,
We ſodainely ſurpriz'd the baſhfull Swaynes,
Who ſhewed their harts-ioy by their homely dutie,
Kiſſing theſe louely Ladies for their paynes;
Seeking all meanes to farther their delight,
While thus I ruminate on Fortunes ſpight.

Inconſtant minion, mother of miſchance,
True Vertues croſſe, delighting ſtill in chang,
When moſt thou fawn'ſt thy fauour's but a glance,
Thy naughtie nature loueth ſtill to range:
Great pittie is it, were there remedie,
That men are tyde to thine extremitie.

Thou art a ſtepdame to each honeſt thing,
Training vp vices like a louing Nurſe,
Crowning the begger, pulling downe the king,
What euer Nature made thou makeſt worſe:
Thou helpſt a man a while to caſt his dice,
And turn'ſt thy wheele vpon him in a trice.

Thou doſt vſurpe the worlds round circled ſtage,
Acting thereon thy variable ſcenes,
Where oft inſpired with a bedlam rage,
Thou plagueſt the innocent with endles paines:
And thoſe that ſeeme to day but lookers on,
Thou makſt thine actors ere to morrow gone.

Acolastus his after-wit.

O hatefull Hag! thou haſt betray'd my life,
In giuing weapons vnto *Cupids* wrath;
Perceiuing Loue and Reaſon were at ſtrife,
Thou falſly train'dſt me on to Errors path;
Where taking vantage on my hard diſtreſſe,
Loue forſt my heart his valour to confeſſe.

For Loue had labour'd long to worke my fall,
Battring the bulwarke of my naked breſt;
But Reaſon gaue his force no ground at all,
Bidding the blinde Boy ſet his heart at reſt:
For more he ſought to trie this fond concluſion,
The more my courage ſhin'd in his confuſion.

Till thou to ſpit the venome of thy ſpite,
Subornedſt *Cupid* how he ſoone might ſlay me,
Abandoning his bowe and arrowes quite,
You laid this priuie complot to betray me;
When Fortune firſt had brought me to the bay,
A Maydens eyes ſhould ſteale my heart away.

Immortall heauens, and ye great powers aboue,
From whoſe faire influence all iuſtice flowes,
Worke your reuenge on Fortune and on Loue,
From whom the title of my trouble growes:
That men beholding it may ſafely ſay,
No ſinne can ſcape vnpuniſht paſt his day.

While

Acolaſtus his after-wit.

While thus I proſecute my fruitles playning,
Two Shepheards ſummon'd me to ſee their ſport,
Whoſe ſuddaine fight ſoone mou'd me to abſtaining,
Leaſt they might heare my tragicall report:
Clearing my face from cloudes of diſcontent,
With theſe two louing ſwaines away I went.

Like as the ſoft and tender leaued flowre,
Whoſe drouping colour ſhewes his life is done,
Being lately drenched in ſome diſmall ſhowre,
Till he attract refreſhing from the ſunne:
So I whoſe hopes but lately ſeem'd to die,
Was now reuiu'd by beauties freſh ſupplie.

For now in Tropicke of falſe Fortunes height,
My neſt was built by ſweeteſt Beauties ſide,
Loues yoke was eaſie now I felt no waight,
My ſhip was carried with a gentle tide:
I ſate too hot, yet ſtill I did deſire,
To liue a Salamander in the fire.

Now did I wiſh the day would ne're be done,
So loth I was to leaue this Paradiſe,
Or that our reuels were but new begun,
But ſwift-wing'd Pleaſure paſſeth with a triſe:
For Loue had ſworne when ere I did depart,
I ſhould perchance goe home without a hart.

Now

Now while I court the Loadſtarre of my life,
And with her prettie parley feede mine eares;
O ſugred words, yet ſharper then a knife,
Diſtilling Nectar-droppes on all that heares;
The merry ſwaines broke of our priuate pleaſure,
And muſicke ſummond vs to daunce a Meaſure.

Taking this Ladie by the lillie hand,
I taught her quickly treade the ſhepheards round:
Lo now blowes vp the ſecret-ſmoking brand,
Which did my reaſon and my ſenſe confound,
For Loue is nine-liu'd kill him ne're ſo much,
The wanton Boy reuiueth with a tutch.

Looke as a man ſtung by the noyſome Aſpe,
Whoſe hony-poyſon tickles with delight,
Sucks in the venome of this mortall waſpe,
Wholy ſuſpecties of the ſerpents ſpight;
So I ſo mad, that reaſon could not turne me,
Bath'd in the flame, which afterward did burne me.

Oft did I ſtriue to take her in mine armes,
And tell my harts griefe by ſome ſilent motion,
She was too young to leuell at my harmes,
Or picke a meaning from my dum deuotion.
Oft would my dotage make me daunce amiſſe,
And then begin new meaſure with a kiſſe.

She bad me dance true, but I lou'd my faining,
(Hang him that loues and has no mother-wit)
I ſaid our muſick err'd in ouer-ſtraining,
No meruaile then my footing could not hit;
And to preuent the iarres that came by this,
Our lips made muſicke where our feete did miſſe.

Our countrey Round by this was almoſt done,
When wanton wearie ſuddainly ſhe grew;
Nay then (quoth I) would we had ne're begun,
Faire Nimph cheere vp thy ſelfe and dance a new:
For if thou droope, our hearts will fall as faſt,
As Autumne leaues before the Winters blaſt.

Behold the ſunne-beames for thy Beauties ſake,
Dancing Lauoltoes on the liquid floare;
The whiſtling winds vnwonted muſicke make,
Whiles Syrens ſit and ſing vpon the ſhoare:
Yea the fierce Wolfe is come to ſee thee play,
And for thy ſake our Lambes keepe holyday.

See, ſee faire *Flora* deckt in ſummers pride,
Burning in emulation of thy beautie;
And *Venus* neſtled by *Adonis* ſide,
Seeking to doe his loue peculiar dutie:
Faire heauens Queene ſits dallying with her *Ioue*,
Leaſt he ſhould ſee thee, and ſo change his Loue.

If then the treasure of thy supreme faire,
Breed iealousie in gods, wonder in men;
O doe not thus thy beauties worth impaire,
Quitting our kindnes with vnkinde disdaine:
Gentilitie should beare a gentle minde,
And perfect Beautie neuer proues vnkinde.

This said, I train'd her friendly from the rest,
Into a sweete and solitarie place,
Where Loue himselfe might daigne to build his nest,
All things consorted with so great a grace:
Had *Mars* plaid double here with Loues faire queen.
Their double-dealing *Phœbus* ne're had seen.

For why such was the shadow of this groue,
All thicke beset with circle-branching trees,
It gaue no passage to the sunne aboue,
Whose piercing light our actions ouersees:
But here and there small day-holes did appeare,
To light the ground, and let in cooling aire.

Amidst this Thicket with a silent gliding,
A Christall brooke ran in a flowrie brim,
Where labouring Swans train'd vp by natures guiding,
Record a thousand sweete notes as they swim:
Sweet notes they were, tun'd with a sweeter voice,
That charm'd the trees, and made the stones reioice.

Here

Here ſummers Queene had made her flowry bed
Of the white Lillie, and the crimſon Roſe,
With thouſand other kinds of white and red,
Whoſe heauenly hew her art did ſo diſpoſe,
As bred amazement in the dazled ſight,
And cloy'd the ſenſes with a worlds delight.

The chirping Birds to ſhunne the heate of Iune,
Fled to the ſhelter of this ſhadie ground,
Where praiſing Nature in a ſiluerie tune,
The hollow caues and vallies made reſound:
In briefe, this plot contain'd the perfect ſum
Of all the ſweetes in faire Eliſium.

While towards this Paradice we made our way,
We were incountred by the glorious ſunne,
Who purpoſely to force this faire Nimph ſtay,
Some hotter now then when his courſe begunne;
That he might feede his falſe eye with her ſight,
Whoſe beautie dimm'd the glorie of his light.

My Loue was faint, and forſte to ſet her downe,
Whoſe Angels face diſtilled pearly ſweate;
Loue bad me giue her there a graſſe-greene gowne,
In ſpite of *Phœbus*, and his forced heate,
But while my lingring thoughts ſtood to deuiſe,
I ſaw God *Morpheus* ſeazing on my prize.

Whereat I fell into a iealous trance,
Sleepe eyes (quoth I) see not my Loue prophan'd,
Or if heauens power haue power to helpe mischance,
Let not the Rose of beautie thus be stain'd:
Fie, fie (quoth Reason) where's thy wits in keepe?
Disturbe her not, thy Loue is but a sleepe.

I laught to thinke hart-burning iealousie
Should build a stage for Puppets in my braine,
Presenting visions to my phantasie,
That nothing were, nor could returne againe:
Self-biting Curre, a bolde vnbidden guest,
Whose foule disturbance marres true Louers feast.

Me thought her sleeping proued sleepe diuine,
Me thought the windes for pitie would not blow,
Shut were the casements of her christall eyen,
Which waking, like two siluer Moones did show;
Shut were the day-bright eyes, where all might see
Faire Beautie linckt in loue with Chastitie.

Sleepe on (quoth I) sweet Saint of puritie,
Yet sleeping, smile thy beautie on the aire,
That euery creature humbled at thy knee,
May offer homage to thy supreme faire:
But turne from *Phœbus*, least his fond desire
Cause him descend and set the world on fire.

I'le

I'le charme the brazen doores of fearefull dreames,
And bind the ſterne God *Morpheus* in a chaine,
Leaſt he moleſt thy minde with idle theames,
Which in the fancies of the night doe raigne,
And guard thy perſon with as deare a price,
As if I kept the gates of Paradice.

For thy ſake *Acol* ſhall perfume the winds
With coſtly Myrre, and curious Ambergreece:
I'le venter more then *Iaſon* did to find
The happie fortune of a golden fleece,
Which I my ſelfe full ſafelie meane to keepe,
And wrap thee in it, when thou g'ins to ſleepe.

And you ſweet birds, whoſe nimble-reliſht notes,
Rauiſh the ſoule of man, and cheere the day,
Stay the ſhrill deſcant of your ſiluery throtes,
Till Beautie wake and bid your muſicke play:
Or if you needes will ſing, ſome tune deuiſe,
Whoſe Angel-ſound may charme all *Argus* eyes.

Thus did I greete the Idoll of my hart,
Offring vp teares before her ſleeping ſhrine,
And was beginning to bewray my ſmart,
When loe, as if her ſpirit could deuine,
Opening the cloſet of her lockt-vp eyes,
She did preuent me in this cunning wiſe:

Shepheard, I glory in the happie chance,
That made me Miſtris of ſo kinde a man,
And one ſo well my praiſes can aduance;
Good Lord, how long ſince you the whetſtone wan?
Your high-pitcht words are like the torch by night,
That waſts it ſelfe in giuing others light.

Tell me whoſe perſon did you paſſionate?
Expreſſing motions of internate woe,
Grieuing your ſelfe to geſſe at others fate?
You were to blame, that would not let me knowe,
Nor ſeeke my helpe to play ſome tragicke part;
For I can ſigh too, yet ne're rent my hart.

Belike your Swaines intend a Comedie,
To be preſented in ſome ſolemne place;
And loue-ſicke you theſe paſſions muſt deſcrie:
Which to adorne with action and with grace,
You daily thus make triall of your part,
With ſighes and teares that neuer pierce the hart.

Ah would to God flint-harted wench (thought I)
Thou feltſt the croſſe which loue hath laid vpon me;
Or that my woes gaue not thy words the lye, (thee.
And my poore heart had power henceforth to ſhunne
Thy Mother (wanton) was not halfe ſo olde,
Yet knew ſhe when a ſutors tale was tolde.

Loue

Acolastus his after-wit.

Loue brought me in to acte this wooing ſcene,
The argument was written in thy face.
The words were ſuch as might expreſſe my paine,
The end to win thee to a liking grace:
And euery period had his ſenſe made plaine,
With teares, which *Chorus*-like mine eyes did raine.

Thou didſt not ſleep, yet hearing could not moue thee,
(A colde preſage for him that meanes to wooe)
My wanton geſture ſeem'd to ſay, I loue thee,
But all was labour loſt that I could doe:
My ſuite was ſleeueles, thy regard ſo colde,
As if that I anothers tale had tolde.

This ſaid my hart, but this I durſt not ſay,
So loude the regent of my hart might heare me,
The place vnfit my fancie to bewray,
The time and other circumſtance did feare me:
Her ſcene perform'd, my tongue thus acts his part,
Hiding the Loue, that reuel'd in my hart.

Faire Saint, if Loue haue forſte me to offending,
With yrkſome prattle, croſſing thy repoſe;
O blame the beautie on thy face depending,
That giues a tongue of praiſes to thy foes.
Then graunt me leaue, how euer others deeme,
To giue thy Beautie excellent eſteeme.

But pleaſe thee (Sweeting) finiſh out our walke,
(The pleaſure great, the labour is but ſmall)
And in yond Eden ſee how euery ſtalke,
Brags the ſweete bloſſomes he is bleſt withall,
I'le load thy lappe with *Floras* tender pride,
And bring thee homeward in the Euen-tide.

Thus ſaid, I brought her to this ſhadie reſt,
This green-dy'd groue, this ſummers Paradice,
Where Loue by pleading hard might make me bleſt,
Where I was bent to caſt my Fortunes dice,
And in a minute eaſe or end the ſtrife,
Or win my Loue, or elſe to loſe my life.

Now while the Damſell wondring Natures ſtore,
Seaz'd on the flowry treaſure of the ſpring,
And more ſhe gatherd, ſtill deſiring more,
(The laſt is beſt, and new ſels euery thing)
I madly toſt betweene Deſpaire and Ioy,
Prai'd for ſucceſſe to the blind-ſeeing Boy.

Great Prince of Loue, to whoſe victorious hand
My frozen hart was forſte perforce to yeeld,
And in my boſome entertaine the brand,
Gainſt which weake Reaſon neuer man could ſheeld:
O be propitious to an humble Swaine,
And giue my loue ſucceſſe, to quite my paine.

Thou

Thou art ſo little (elſe our Poets miſſe)
That thou canſt hide thee in a wanton eye,
So ſubtile thou canſt enter with a kiſſe,
So craftie thou canſt counterfaite to dye,
Or being dead, thy qualitie is ſuch,
To liue againe by vertue of a tuch.

O lend me thy inſinuating power,
Words ſteep'd in ſyrop of Ambroſia,
To force my *Danaë* with their golden ſhower,
That ſhe may bleſſe me with a yeelding nay:
Each ſentence be a ſweet inchanting charme,
Vpon her hart-ſtrings playing loues alarme.

So ſhall thy glorie be immortall ſtill,
The conqueſt woon to ſet thy captiues free,
And cure their wounds, whom thou mighſt iuſtly kill:
O exerciſe thy pittie then in me;
That finding her to eaſe my heauie bands,
May bleſſe the time I fell into thy hands.

By this her boſome ſtor'd, her lap was full,
And wanton weary, quickly ſet her downe,
No prettie flower there was, but ſhe did pull;
No colour ſet in *Ariadnes* crowne,
Or in the compaſſe of faire *Iris* Bowe,
She did not gather to enrich her ſhowe.

Now powrefull Loue that reuel'd in my hart,
Contrould my ſilence,hating to be mute,
Still rubs the ſoare that made my wound to ſmart,
And ſtrongly vrg'd me to commence my ſute:
Till fancie growne too headſtrong to retire,
Thus in a word I tolde her my deſire.

Goddeſſe (quoth I) for leſſe thou canſt not be,
God lieue thou couldſt,or that my birth were better,
My loue,my life,both conſecrate to thee,
I,offer as an inſufficient debter:
O ſtand propitious to an humble Swaine,
That craues but loue to anſwer loue againe.

I call to record *Venus* and her Sonne,
No meanes vnſought,no art vnwrought by me,
To quench this flame when firſt it was begunne,
Foreſeeing ſtill this foule extremitie;
But wiſdome weake,my Reaſons force was ſmall,
To conquer loue,which conquers wit and all.

I know no baſtard Hauke can ſoare ſo high,
As doth the Hobbie towring high by kind;
Nor Ægle-like behold the worlds faire eye,
But with his beames their ſight is ſtricken blind.
I know gainſt Nature actions are in vaine,
And high-pitcht thoughts reape nothing but diſ-

Yet *Phœbus* ſhining, little Gnats may play,
Small flies may pearch them by the Ægles ſide,
It lies in compaſſe of thy yea, or nay,
To be my bane, or to become my Bride:
Loue ſtrikes a match t'wixt mortall men and Gods,
Sweete loue me then, can be no greater oddes.

O be remembred, was not *Vulcan* lame?
Yet was he Lord of louely *Venus* bed;
Or if he were not, more his wife to blame,
That rul'd the raynes to make him beare the head.
Such *Vulcanes* now are ours, who doting olde,
Marrie young Maids to keepe them from co-colde.

Diuine *Aurora* full as faire as ſhe,
Whoſe heauen-di'de face the Graces ſtill admire,
Lou'd gray-beard *Tython*, as ill fac'te as he,
And in her choice ſo pleas'd her chaſt deſire,
That oft ſhe ſaid, when Beauties dowre is ſpent,
Mine old-mans loue ſhall yeeld me ſweet content.

I will not muffle vp a meane eſtate,
As ſmoth-tongu'd ſutors daily vſe to doe,
Bragging of Birth, of Friends, of this and that,
Of money, lands, yea and of Vertue too,
Breathing vaine boaſts of many a golden ſhower,
And things (God wot) were neuer in their power.

A ſhame to boaſt of bloods antiquitie,
Wherein no honour nor true Vertue lies;
Each Brute may bragge hereof as well as we,
One ſtill ſucceeding as another dyes:
T'is Vertue (Minion) doth nobilitate,
And makes a Monarch of a meane eſtate.

Let others promiſe Mountaines if they liſt,
Intrapping fooles by falſe inſinuations,
Till womens hopes doe end in Had I wiſt,
And make them ſay, Mens words are but temptations.
I hate all ſhifts, plaine dealing ſtill is bleſt,
I like the meane, and here ſet downe my reſt.

My dwelling is within a countrie Farme,
My table richly furniſht with Content,
My robes are ſuch as keepe my body warme,
My pleaſures rate ſits at an eaſie rent,
My cheere is great, my charge is very ſmall,
My fruits, my flocks; my foes are none at all.

My life is nothing but a world of Loue,
I loue my God, and next I loue my King,
I loue my *Cæſars* friends that ſit aboue,
I honour Vertue aboue any thing:
I loue my countrey and my deareſt kin,
Briefly I nothing hate but mizers ſin.

I ſpend

Aculastus his after-wit.

I ſpend the day time on theſe pleaſant Plaines,
And while my Lambes grow wanton with the ſpring,
Vpon an oaten pype I cheere my paines,
And being wearie, ſtraight I fall to ſing:
This done, I laugh againe, and ſhake my crowne,
To ſee the world of late turn'd vpſide downe.

Our Fathers plained in their weary daies,
How much the world was chang'd from that of yore:
We ſay of late, t'is turned many waies,
Yet will not ſtand as *Adams* did before:
Each ſide is turn'd, and yet it ſtandeth wrong;
And will doe ſtill, I'le tell thee wench how long.

While Kings do thirſt for Countries and for Crownes,
And Princes pray vpon their Neighbour Landes,
Might treads down right, and Treaſon ſelleth Townes,
Iuſtice lies fetterd in oppreſſions bandes,
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

While Nobles vainely vaunting of their blood,
Doe ſell themſelues to ſenſuall appetite,
Neglecting time to doe their Countrey good,
To puniſh wrongs, ayde the poore-mans right;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

While citties ſwim in Lucre, Luſt, and Pride,
No art but craft, no gainefull trade but ſinne,
While veluet breeches is allow'd to ride,
And aged Wiſdome walketh bare and thinne;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

While Leacherie and Lucar ſtrike a match,
Making a compound of two deadly ſinnes;
And or'e th'Heſperian fruite like dragons watch,
Or as the Eden-keeping Cherubims;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

While poore are pincht by grunting Auarice,
And Gentils forſte their ioyntures for to ſell
To Father Grauity, whoſe biting vice
Will ſend his ſoule for handſill vnto hell;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

While younglings chuſe their Louers by their coyne,
Seeking to graft vpon a golden tree,
Goods make the choice, the diuell he muſt ioyne,
But ware their ſoules, the Prieſt will haue his fee;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

Briefly

Acolastus his after-wit.

Briefly while Vices maske in Vertues weed,
And Reaſon made a Baude to each abuſe;
While Beaſts are fatted, good men ſuffer need,
And all things altered from their proper vſe;
So long the righteous gods will ſurely frowne,
And we ſhall finde the world turn'd vpſide downe.

Thus while the world in ſinne is madly toſt,
Some beare the purſe, but *Iudas* loues no poore,
The reſt in pleaſures Labyrinth are loſt,
And would returne, but Cuſtome keepes the doore;
I ſit aloofe and laugh the world to ſcorne,
Happie in this, to be a Shepheard borne.

I am a King, my Conſcience is my Crowne,
My Court is thoughts, enriched with Content,
My minde to me is as a walled Towne,
My Treaſure, Grace which neuer can be ſpent;
The want of worldly things is very ſmall,
To him whoſe heart deſires them not at all.

I make my power the limits to my will,
And count weldoing ſumme of all my wealth,
My wiſhes fewe, and eaſie to fulfill,
My care is none but ſoule and bodies health;
In Heauen my happe, on God my hopes relye;
Loe thus I liue, and thus I meane to dye.

Say me then (Sweeting) doſt thou like mine offer,
My loue, my life, and all at thy commaund?
Say, canſt thou ſtoope vnto a poore mans proffer?
Thou art my Iudge, here I holde vp my hand;
Now paſſe the ſpeedy doome of life or death,
Or cure my bane, or kill me with a breath.

I had no ſooner ſaid, but ſtraight began
The cloudes appeare that menaced a ſtorme,
Her face faire skie being turned pale and wan,
What might I hope but tempeſt euery houre?
The curſed Fates haue cloud-ecclipſt my Sun,
Whoſe light once loſt, of force my life is done.

Firſt darts her amiable brow coy frownes,
And cruell hate inſerted in diſdaine
Inthrones her ſelfe, then ſcorne and wrath abounds,
And where before Loue-tempting lookes did raigne,
There proud Contempt arm'd with diſdainfull ire,
Scornd proffer'd ſeruice of my poore deſire.

Heart-ſlaine with lookes, I fell vpon the ground,
Her meaning ſtrooke me ere her words were done,
As weapons met before they make a ſound,
Or as the deadly bullet of a gunne:
Yet all my paſſions had no power to moue her,
But thus ſhe rates me, that ſo much did loue her?

Acolastus his after-wit.

Presumptuous Swaine, proud selfe-conceited groome,
Whose climing thoughts at last will breake their necke,
God lieue my hate might helpe to build thy tombe,
And I suruiue to triumph on thy wracke;
That when the world shall see thy loue disgraced,
Men may beware of loue too highly placed.

What wanton marke of loose immodestie
Could'st thou decipher in me all this while?
Dar'st thou presume to touch a deitie,
Before she grace thee with a yeelding smile? (thought,
Poore foole, what starres bewitch thy wretched
To fancie her, that sets thee so at nought?

Thou seest my bodie straight as Cedar tree,
That fames the woods of rich Arabia:
My browes embost with heauens rich Heraldree,
Tables containing Beauties perfect lawe:
Mine eyes two twinkling stars, whose piercing raies,
Haue power to dim the brightest summer daies.

My face the Sunne-enlightning beauties skye,
Whose charmefull spels the proudest can controule,
Loues Adamant to euery wandring eye,
That like a Syren can inchant the soule;
The shop where Nature sets her art to showe,
Where crimson Roses sleepe in beds of snowe.

Acolastus his after-wit.

Poore fooliſh flie, why plaiſt thou with the flame?
Looke not on beautie for it ſoone will burne thee:
Shun, ſhun the thought which may procure thy ſhame;
The fire once kindled, t'is too late to turne thee.
I am mild *Venus* mongſt gentilitie,
But fierce *Meduſa* to thy baſer eye.

Thy birth too baſe for me to beare thy name,
Thy perſon nothing hath that may commend thee,
Thy liuing will not let thee play ſuch game,
Thy threed-bare loue full little can befriend thee;
Renounce thy ſuite, roote out theſe fancies ſtraight,
Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a waight.

Or elſe in ſight of heauen, I here proteſt,
I loue thee ſo, to liue thy foe till death,
For could one kinde looke euer make thee bleſt,
Firſt would I forced be to yeeld my breath.
The more thy loue, the greater is thy paine;
I will not ſtay to heare thee ſpeake againe.

With this ſhe left the Melancholy place,
This fatall groue, the bed of mine vnreſt;
And backe vnto her fellowes hies a pace,
Leauing me proſtrate, heauily diſtreſt:
Looke how a bright ſtarre ſhooteth in the night,
So faſt ſhe fled, and vaniſht from my ſight.

Farewell

Farewell (quoth I) ſweet Saint of puritie,
Wonder of women, and the worlds admire;
More was I ſpeaking, but it would not be,
Griefe ſtopt my dumbe tongue with too much deſire;
That I was forſte to ſigh inſteede of ſpeaking,
As if my ſwolne heart were already breaking.

Then brake th'vnchannel'd iſſue of mine eyes,
My teares gaue vent vnto my tired ſoule,
Who breath'd hot ſighes like lightning from the skye,
Such is Deſire, which no man can controule;
And pining griefe ſtill thinkes it treble wrong,
When heart is barr'd the aydance of the tongue.

Thus as a man laid ſpeechles in a traunce,
Or one reſembling deaths anatomie,
The birds in ſilence wondring at my chaunce,
Abruptly ceaſt their buſie harmonie:
Till ſome propitious powre to eaſe my paine
Reſtor'd my ſenſe, and thus I cri'd amaine;

O quis te noſtris oculis, pulcherrima Virgo,
Obiecit Deus, & viſam te protinus idem
Eripuit nobis, ſæuo vt conſumerer igni?
Illa meo nunquam facies de pectore abibit;
Illam vos etiam mecum diſcetis amare
Intonſi montes, vos vmbriferæ conualles.
Siue greges inter captabo frigus & auram,

Flumina ſeu propter ſalices in valle putabo,
Aut agitans inſtabo aliud quodcunque, tibi ante
Carmina pauca canam, & te pectore ſuſpirabo,
Toto vnam te corde; priùs (dediſcet amare
Gramina ouis, nemora alta fere, vaga flumina piſces,)
Quàm tua de noſtris vellatur cura medullis,
O decus, atque animi noſtri pergrata voluptas!

I lookt about if any would replie,
(Griefe beſt is pleaſde with partners in his plaining)
The Damſell gone, I ſaw no creature nye, (ning:
Saue trees and ſtones which could not know my mea-
To whom ſhrill Eccho in pittie of my paine,
Records my woes, and tels them o're againe.

And now the night with darkenes ouer-ſpred,
Had drawne her ſable curtaines ore the earth,
And from her cole-blacke melancholy bed,
Sent foggie miſts and filthie vapours foorth;
When home I went poore, haples, and forlorne,
Curſing the day that euer I was borne.

O blacke Deſpaire, foule lot of faithfull Loue,
Blaſting our hopes, ere they begin to bud,
Whoſe dogged nature pittie cannot moue,
Nor ought can pacifie but humane blood:
A thouſand times thou end'ſt a wretched life,
Which liues againe to pine in further ſtrife.

The Nimphes and Satyrs in their ayrie bowres,
Danſed their *Chorus*, but it would not pleaſe me,
No paſtures, walkes, nor wreath of ſweeteſt flowres,
No flocks, no friends, nor no delight could eaſe me;
Her doome is paſt, intreatie could not ſtay it;
I owe Deſpaire a death, and I muſt pay it.

This plot, this place, this melancholy groue,
I ſingled out to lay my Cares to ſleepe,
To end my life, and with my life my loue;
Pitty not me (ſweet friend) forbeare to weepe:
Death chang'd to life I neuer ſhall repent,
That life is dead, that liues in diſcontent.

The weary Sunne now ſettles in the Weſt, *Exit.*
And time permits not ſpeake what I was ment,
This night I purpoſe thou ſhalt be my gueſt,
I'le tell thee things perhaps to thy content;
And e're our Lambes lye downe to reſt to morrow,
I'le find a ſalue to counterpoiſe thy ſorrow.

Collated & K
8/29/32 RA